

labour of pious heads and hands of old, to replace it by some rude mass of marble as a foil to 'throw out' the new expression of private vanity. How revoltingly misplaced too is the shouldering, elbowing strife, with which, like advertising placards or rival shops, with every trick that can be devised for glaring prominence, they struggle to outstare each other, as if the very well-being of the defunct depended upon whose statue shall be seen first, or whose epitaph read ofttest. How calmly, amid all this feverish strife, lie the modest retiring memorials of the mighty or the worthy of old, from the dignified reposing figures of the royal Plantagenets to the unpretending brasses of the untitled and humble, if indeed modern selfishness has left any uncovered. No other nation possesses, or if possessing, could suffer the presence of so clamorous a witness of its degradation; and the time will probably come that the disgrace will be felt beyond endurance, the whole of the monuments since that of Iulyp removed—those few that possess sculptural merit, to a fitter repository, the rest to be buried if possible in oblivion; and when the beautiful temple, cleansed from these defilements, and with the mouldings of its original decoration restored—for the carvings never can be—will contain only modest mementos of those really great or really buried within its walls, none occupying the floor, and none filling more than one window light, or one of the exquisite blank arches below, each of which affords ample space for any Phidian to mark with appropriate beauty the resting-place of any Newton, though not enough for vanity to supply the want of excellence by pomp and glare, nor to commemorate persons whose memory a pyramid could not by itself preserve."

We must now, however, close this notice, and must repeat the expression of our great regret that Mr. Weale should have made the great object of his guide-book, in other respects so valuable, the wholesale condemnation of modern English architecture and architects.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Monday, the 3rd instant, the Royal Academy of Arts inaugurated its eighty-third annual exhibition. More than usual anticipation of excellence was indulged in for this eventful season, when so many foreign visitors were expected to arrive among us with inquisitive eyes.

Generally speaking, the gathering of all kinds, numbering 1,399 works, may be reported as a very good one, being, in pictures, some considerable advance in quality upon previous annual occasions. Sculpture appears but scantily represented, and architecture, with four Royal Academicians and one associate, is not honoured by them with a single drawing. The dark room on the ground-floor has long been an opprobrium to the institution, and the sister art of architecture is now located in the despised octagon-room; a locality, however, quite good enough for the collection it enshrines. It is not right that the professors of architecture, who are members of the Academy, should withhold drawings of the great works in which they are employed. The public are in some degree entitled, if not by right, at least by courtesy, to see occasionally drawings relating to those undertakings which are paid for by the public money."

* A correspondent says:—"I am sorry to find that one of the three sisters at the Royal Academy is almost defunct. She has been declining for some years: she grows 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' and presents a most painful appearance."

"Why should poor Architecture play Cuckoo to her sister sister? Is she less beautiful or less useful than they, or has she fewer admirers? I think the answer to each of these questions would be in the negative. Then there must be some other reason for her present sorrowful plight. What have the doctors been about? Has she been slightly treated, or has she been neglected? I think, Sir, you will say with me that the latter is the truth, and that Architecture will soon be turned out of the Academy as incurable. Where are her professors? They cannot be aware of the present crisis. Are they not by their own inactivity gradually smothering themselves out of office? Unless they better themselves, as a posted and very distant, their competition will be good."

"There is still, however, a chance left of the poor lady's recovery. Let architects take her by the hand and lead her out of this 'Slough of Despondence.' Let them try what change of air will do for her: in short, let them

By universal consent, historical subjects are always placed in the highest scale of pictorial art, and the present exhibition is more than commonly enriched with these ambitious emanations, although but few of them are imbued with the soul and sentiment of mental expression.

A large picture by D. MacIver, R.A. (67), represents Caxton in his printing-office in the Almonry, at Westminster, showing a proof sheet to Edward IV. It is a work of great skill and labour, the surface being crowded with figures and accessories, in which the painter has, as usual, not spared research for their authenticity. That it wants harmony at present must be admitted, but it is precisely such a picture as age will wonderfully improve in tone, and is, in fact, painted for posterity. Two other works of Mr. MacIver are portraits, both similar in a rigid pose, one being an already known portrait of Macready, as Werner; the other a small whole-length of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in which our foppish race will wonder at and envy the singular long and narrow boots, outraged to caricature. "King Lear and the Fool in the Storm," by W. Dyce, R.A. (77), is about as repulsive a picture as this painter's previous works were agreeable. The infatuation of what is called the pre-Raphaelite school in Mr. Dyce's picture, here borders on the vulgar and grotesque, and becomes rather referable to some of the ancient vulgar impersonations of the Flemish Brueghels. A study for the central figure of "Daniel, the Prophet," in a proposed composition now in progress, by J. R. Herbert, R.A. (84), is one of the few instances in the exhibition in which the purity of art is exalted by the sublimity of divine expression. This small and simple figure appeals to the higher feelings with perfect success. In a similar way, a female head of life-size, by the president, Sir Charles Eastlake (135), called "Ippolita Torelli," is imbued with such an intensity of feeling, that the spectator's eye becomes rivetted on the expressive features, and the speaking, almost breathing lips, with intense delight. This is, indeed, fine art in a high point of excellence. E. M. Ward, A.R.A. (185), has a very interesting picture of the "Family of Louis XVI. imprisoned in the Temple," every part highly studied and carefully drawn, but perhaps too gay in colour for such a solemn subject as a noble family enduring the miseries of imprisonment. The "Battle of Roveredo," by C. Stanfield, R.A. (196), is one of this agreeable artist's most important and excellent performances, and will be viewed with great delight. "Hogarth brought before the Governor of Calais as a Spy," painted by W. E. Frith, A. (204), is a subject of felicitous choice, and is treated with considerable skill. The expression of surprise and uneasiness at the unexpected occurrence is perfectly understood in Hogarth's countenance, and it may almost be traced therein that his knowledge of the French language was sufficiently limited to create a confusion of thoughts in his mind. If Mr. Redgrave's new dignity of R.A. has induced him to take a higher flight in the realms of art, his admirers will have to regret the loss of more agreeable subjects than his "Flight into Egypt, with Mary meditating on the Prophecy of Simeon." The picture has, nevertheless, much excellence. The "Goths in Italy," by P. F. Poole, A. (344), is a glowing, rich, and powerfully painted work, abounding with the merits of careful drawing and well-studied draperies, but is hardly a well-chosen subject, from the inanity of the scene, and the vacancy of mental expression. The learned in chiaro-scuro will be puzzled to

have an exhibition of their own. The experiment has already been tried, and, considering the small number of its active supporters, has had a fair portion of success.

"Architects can plainly see that the greatest number of drawings that can possibly be crammed into the Octagon Room, will never make an architectural exhibition worthy of this century. They must not let the public suppose that Architecture as an art is lost for ever, or that the ideas of all its professors are confined to mere bric-a-brac and mortar. Let them show their representation at the Academy that they are progressive not retrograde, and prove to these gentlemen that if they wish to regain confidence they must move much faster. Allow me to urge the great body of architects to support either by subscription or by the production of drawings, an annual architectural exhibition, and then to show that Architecture's case is not quite hopeless."

account for the distribution of shades and sundry crossing lights. A very ambitious work, by F. M. Brown, is entitled "Geoffrey Chaucer reading the Legend of Constance to Edward III." (380). Large as this canvas really is, it is crowded with figures in all kinds of attitudes and varieties of costume, forming a showy kind of *bal-masqué* grouping, with a complete absence of aerial perspective, and a deficiency in solidity. Yet it is a work of great merit in many of the parts, but they are ill put together. C. W. Cope, R.A. has a very fine work in three compartments, portraying "Episodes of the Sufferings of Laurence Saunders, a Protestant Martyr in the Reign of Queen Mary" (381). It is a most successful appeal to sensitive, pious feelings. The "Finding of Moses," by H. Pickersgill, deserves a better place than it has, being painted with great care. "Samson," by E. Armitage, does not sustain the promise elicited by this young artist's first cartoon exhibited in Westminster Hall. There is good drawing and considerable theoretical knowledge, but the soul of history is wanting: it is a display of school acquirements, and lacks both mind and colour.

A considerable number of clever and delightful pictures, which fall into the category of the historical, or rather the domestic historical, will afford pleasure. Among them may be enumerated "Pepys's Introduction to Nell Gwynne by Charles II.," painted by A. Egg; "Falstaff personating the King," by C. R. Leslie; "The Rescue of the Brides of Venice," by J. C. Hook, A.; "The Defeat of Shylock," by the same; "Hotspur and the Pop," by A. Elmore, A.; "Hylas," by W. E. Frost, A.; "A Scene from the Merchant of Venice," by F. Stone; "Hamlet and Ophelia (the King and Polonius listening)," by James Godwin (701); and many others of equal merit and beauty.

In the department of landscape, which is the stronghold of the English School, it is sufficient to say that F. R. Lee, R.A.; W. F. Witherington, R.A.; T. Creswick, R.A.; and Francis Danby, A., fully sustain their well-earned reputation; and among other admirable artists undecorated with the magical initials will be found a brilliant work by J. D. Harding, of "Bonneville, on the Road from Geneva to Chamouni." It is numbered 103; and by accident, in the alphabetical list of the exhibitors, this gentleman's name is printed "Hardy." E. W. Cooke has some beautiful works: look, for example, at 339, "Bragosa, the Fishing Craft of Venice." David Roberts, R.A., has four pictures of great beauty,—one of them of large size.

In animal subjects Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., has contributed six pictures. Works have long since been exhausted in praise of this artist's performances: it is impossible, nevertheless, to pass over in a general admiration the "Scene from the Midsummer Night's Dream," which is as poetically conceived on canvas by the painter as it was by the lines of the immortal Shakespeare. Sir Edwin Landseer has given an impersonation of Titania of such exquisite beauty, that almost causes regret he should ever have painted animals. R. Ansell has three excellent pictures in the same class. T. S. Cooper, A., has six cattle pictures, all excellent; one of them of extended dimension. This admirable artist—so peculiarly English in feeling—is perfectly remote from comparison with any of the ancient masters: yet the critics of the day scarcely ever name T. S. Cooper without wedging in the name of Cyp. Now Cyp was not a cattle painter: he merely introduced them as masses of colour for wondrous atmospheric effect. It is degrading to modern art to be everlastingly referring living painters to ancient types, notwithstanding the great merits of the latter. T. S. Cooper needs no bush, as the old saying goes: he is an original painter, possessing excellencies in the knowledge of structure and form of cattle superior to any preceding artist in the same line, and requiring no comparison with Cyp, or Berghem, or A. Vandewalde, to exalt his talents, or estimate his attainments.

As on all previous occasions of the Royal Academy exhibition, portraiture is abounding.